

## From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

1. From depths of woe I cry to Thee,  
    In trial and tribulation;  
Bend down Thy gracious ear to me,  
    Lord, hear my supplication.  
If Thou rememb'rest ev'ry sin,  
    Who then could heaven ever win  
    Or stand before Thy presence?
2. Thy love and grace alone avail  
    To blot out my transgression;  
The best and holiest deed must fail  
    To break sin's dread oppression.  
Before Thee none can boasting stand,  
    But all must fear Thy strict demand  
    And live alone by mercy.
3. Therefore my hope is in the Lord  
    And not in mine own merit;  
It rests upon His faithful Word  
    To them of contrite spirit  
That He is merciful and just;  
    This is my comfort and my trust.  
His help I wait with patience.
4. And though it tarry through the night  
    And till the morning waken,  
My heart shall never doubt His might  
    Nor count itself forsaken.  
O Israel, trust in God your Lord,  
    Born of the Spirit and the Word,  
    Now wait for His appearance.
5. Though great our sins, yet greater still  
    Is God's abundant favor;  
His hand of mercy never will  
    Abandon us, nor waver,  
Our shepherd good and true is He,  
    Who will at last His Israel free  
    From all their sin and sorrow.